AN

EXACT NARRATIVE

AND

RELATION

OF HIS

Most Sacred MAJESTIES Escape from *WORCESTER* on the third of *September*, 1651.

Till his Arrivall at *PARIS*.

LONDON,

Printed for *G. Colborn*,, 1660.

BR. MUS.

THE KING'S

Escape from *Worcester*.

FOrtune had now twice Counterfeited and double-Gilt the Trophees of Rebellion, and its Brazen Trumpet repeated *Victory*, betrayed or prostituted before at *Dunbar*, & now ravished at *Worcester* by numerous over-powring Force, on that Black and White day *September* the 3d. 1651. in the Dusk of which Fatall Evening, when the ashamed Sun had blush't in his setting, and plunged his Affrighted Head into the depth of Luckless *Severn*, and the Night ready to Stain and Spot her guilty Sables with loyal Blood, was attiring her self for the Tragedy; The King (whose first and conspicuous valorous Essay so exceeded all comparison that it cannot but oblige Fate to preserve that Matchlesse courage and never again to venture or expose it to any Hazard) compelled to Abandon the City of *Worcester*, (whose Fidelity and Affection deserves

per-

perpetual Memory,) after he had quitted his Court and Lodgings to which he retired from the Field, having rallied his moſt Faithful and Conſiderable Friends, divers Engliſh Lords and Gentlemen, who were reſolved to accompany him in his Flight; was preſented by that renowned Earle of *Derby* with one *Charles Gifford* Eſquire, (a perſon of note then of that Country and of much manifeſted Honour ſince to the World) to be his Majeſties Conductor in this Miraculous, bleſſed Eſcape: who forthwith called for one *Francis Yates*, whom he had brought with him under the Command of Colonel *Careleſſe* in a party that met the KING in his Advance to *Worceſter*, to be guide-aſſiſtant for the ſurer finding the by ways for his Majeſties ſpeed and ſafety.

In the mean time Colonel *Careleſſe* (a Gentleman of very Gallant and Noble Endowments) was commanded to ſuſtain the Brunt of the purſuing Enemy, and to keep them off while the KING might be ſomewhat in his way; which with excellent Prudence and Valour he did to effect, and afterwards fled to his old retract and coverture, paſſing by *Hartlebury* Caſtle, then Garriſond by the Enemy, whom he Courageouſly Fought with and broke through, and came ſafe to his Deſigned ſhelter.

Towards three a Clock *Thurſday* morning the 4 of *September*, the KING in company with the ſaid Earle of *Derby*, Earle of *Shrewsbury*, Earle of *Cleaveland*, Duke of *Buckingham*, my Lord *Wilmot*, and others to the number of Fourſcor came to the place called *White-Ladies* in the Pariſh of *Tong* in the confines of *Staffard* and *Shropſhire*, being 25 miles diſ-

distant or there abouts from *Worcester*, which space of ground he had rid that night.

This *White-Ladies* was a house belonging to one *Fitz Harbert*, where one *George Pendril*, the youngest Brother of the five who were all severally instrumental in the conduct and preservation of his Majesty) hearing somebody knocking at the Gate so early, opening the Window he espied there the aforesaid *Francis Yates*, who was his brother in Law, with Mr. *Gifford*; to whom he presently opened the door, and enquired of his brother *Yates* what News from *Worcester*, who told him that the KING was Defeated and in Pursuite, and therefore bid him to make haste and put on his Cloaths. But before he could make himself ready, the King with most of his Lords had entred the house, and came into the Hall, where after a short consultation held among them, the Earle of *Derby* called for *William Pendrill* the Eldest brother, (you must know that my Lord of *Derby* had taken this place for a subterfuge, after the defeat given him by Colonel *Lilburn* neer *Wigan* in *Lancashire*, and was acquainted there, and by them conveyed to *Worcester* to the King; as also several other Gentlemen before had used this for their Sanctuary) who being come, *George* was sent to *Tong* to one *Robert Beard* an Honest Subject to enquire of him whether there were any scattered parties of the Kings the eabouts, or any of the Enemies appearing; who brought word that the Coast was yet clear and no parties at all to be seen. In his return he met with his Brother *Richard*; for now

those

those few Inhabitants that Lived there, were awakned with the Noyse, and their own ill boding thoughts and fears of the successe at *Worcester*.

Richard was no sooner come in, but Squire *Gifford* called for him, and bad him make hast, and bring with him his best Cloaths, which were a Jump and Breeches of Green course Cloth and a Doe skin Leather Doublet, the Hat was borrowed of *Humphrey Pendrill* the Miller being an old Gray one that turned up its Brims——, he Shirt (which in that Countrey Language they call'd an Hurden or Noggen Shirt, of Cloath that is made of the courseſt of the Hemp,) was had of one *Edward Martin*, *George Pendrills* Bond, and *William Creswells* Shoos; which the King having presently unstripped himself of his own Cloaths, did nimbly d'on. His Buffe Coat, and Linnen Doublet, and a Gray pair of Breeches which he wore before, he gave into these Brothers Hands, who forthwith buried them underground, where they lay five weeks, before they durst take them up again. The Jewels off his Arm he gave to one of the Lords then departing.

Then *Richard* came with a pair of Shears and rounded the King's hair, which my Lord *Wilmot* having cut before with a Knife, had untowardly notched; and the King was pleased to take notice of *Richards* good barbing, so as to prefer his work before my Lord *Wilmots*, and gave him the praise of it; and now his Majesty was *A la mode* the Woodman.

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Hereupon *William Pendril* was brought to the King by the Earl of *Derby*, and the care and preſervation of his moſt ſacred Majeſty committed to his charge and the reſt of the Brothers, (my Lord would have ſtaid too but there was no undertaking ſecurity for them both) and preſently the Lords took their heavy leave and departed, every one ſhifting for himſelf. Onely my Lord *Wilmot* was conveyed by *John Pendrill* to Mr. *Thomas Whitgreaves*, but he would have left him at ſeveral other places wich my Lord did in no wiſe approve of; firſt at one *John Shores* of *Hungerhill*, thence to *John Glimpſon*, thence to one *Reynolds* of the *Hide*, ſo to *John Hunſpatches*, where paſſing by *Coven*, they had notice of a Troop of Horſe in the Town, and ſeeing ſome men coming behind them, (which proved to be Friends, though my Lord ſuſpected the Country riſe upon them) they betooke themſelves into a dry pit, where they ſtayed till Evening, and then arrived ſafely at Mr. *Whitgreaves*.

The Company being all departed, a Woodbill was brought, and put into the Kings hand, and he went out with *Richard* into the adjoining Woods. *William* departed home, and *Humphrey* and *George* went out to ſcout, and lay hovering in the Woods to hear or ſee if any one approached that way. But the King had not been an hour in the Wood, before a Troop of Horſe of the Enemies came to *White-ladies*, and enquired, if ſome of the Kings Horſe and himſelf paſſed not that way, and if they could give any Information of him; to which the Towneſ-folks anſwered

swered, that about 3 hours ago there was a Party of Horse came thither, and they supposed the King with them, but they made no stay in the Village, but presently departed; they were here upon so eager in the pursuit that after enquiring which way they took, they followed the rout, and made no further search there. The King straight heard this by the two aforesaid Scouts, who straggled for Intelligence into the Town.

All this day, being *Thursday*, the King continued in the Wood upon the ground, *Richard Pendrill* being constantly with him, and sometimes the other two Brothers: It proved to be a very rainy day, and the King was wet with showers, thereupon *Francis Yates* his wife came into the Wood and brought the King a Blanket, which she threw over his shoulders, to keep him dry; she also brought him his first meat he eat there, *viz.* a Messe of Milk, Eggs and Sugar in a black earthen Cup, which the King guessed to be Milk and Apples, and said, he loved it very well; after he had drank some of it and eaten part in a pewter Spoon, he gave the rest to *George* and bid him eat; for it was very good. There was nothing of moment passed this day in Court but only the King exchanged his Wood bill for *Francis Yates* Broom *hook*, which was something lighter.

They had much adoe all that day to teach and fashion his Majesty to their Country guise, and to order his steps and straight body to a slobbing, jobsons gate, and were forced every foot to mind him of it; for the Language, his Majesties most gracious converse with his People in his Journey to, and at *Worcester*, had rendred it very easie and very tunable to him.

About

About 5. a clock that Evening, the King with the retinue of *Richard*, *Humphrey*, *George*, and *Francis Yates* left the wood, and betook himself to *Richards* house, where he went under the name of *William Jones*, a woodcutter newly come thither for work; against his coming, the good wife for his entertainment at supper, was preparing a *Fricasse* of Bacon and Eggs, and while that was doing, the King held on his knee their daughter *Nan*: after he had eat a little, he asked *Richard* to eat, who replied, yea Sir I will, whereto His Majesty answered, you have a better stomach then I, for you have eaten five times to day already. After supper ended, the King according to his resolution to passe into *Wales*, prepared (when it should be dusky) to depart; before he went, *Jane Pendryll* the Mother of the five brethren, came to see the King, before whom she blessed God that had so honoured her Children in making them the instruments (as she hoped) of his Majesties safeguard and deliverance. Here *Francis Yates* offered the King thirty shillings in silver, the King accepted ten, and bad him put the other up. *Humphrey* would have gone before to see and view about, but the King would not let him; it being now near night, they took their leave of the King upon their knees, beseeching God to guide and blesse him.

So the King and *Richard* only, departed to go to one Mr. *Francis Wolfe* of *Madeley*, there to take passage into *Wales*. On the way they were to passe by a Mill, at a place called *Evelin*, and going over ('twas about nine a clock at night) the bridge of the said Mill, the Milner steps forth, and demanded, who goes there?

having a quarterſtaffe or a good cudgel in his hand, to which *Richard* being formoſt thought it not ſafe to reply, but the water being ſhallow, leapt of the bridge into it, and the King did the like, following *Richard* by the noyſe and ratling of his leather breeches; the Milner being glad he was ſo rid of them; for (as it afterwards appeared) here was ſome of the Kings ſcattered Souldiers in his Mill, and he ſuppoſed the other to be *Parliamentarians* that were upon the ſcent for his diſtreſſed gueſts.

Being come to *Madely* to the ſaid Maſter *Francis Wolfes* late that Night, they underſtood there was no paſſage over the water into *Wales*, and that it was very dangerous to abide there, the Countrey being every where about laid with ſouldiers, nor durſt he entertain them into his Houſe, but ſhewed them a Haymow where they might lodge; and there the King and *Richard* continued all that night, and the next day being *Friday*, and that night with the conveyance of a Maid of this Maſter *Wolfes*, who brought the King two miles on his way, they retreated back again to *Richards* Houſe: Mr. *Wolfe* lent the King ſome ſmall ſum of money.

This deſign being croſſed, *Saturday* morning without any ſtay at *Richards*, the King and he went to a Houſe of Miſtris *Giffards*, called *Boſcabell*, where *William Pendril* and his wife dwelt as Houſe-keepers for the ſaid *Giffard*, who received him joyfully, but the Kings feet were ſo bliſtered with travelling in ſuch courſe and ſtiffe accoutrements as he wore on his feet, and lying in them, that he was ſcarce able to ſtand or go, which *Williams* wife perceiving, ſhe

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ſtript off his ſtockins and cut the blisters, and waſhed his feet, and gave the King ſome Eaſe.

The ſame time or near thereupon, that Noble Colonel *Careleſſe*, who as is ſaid before made good the Kings Rear at *Worceſter*, and had fought his way through, after he had been two dayes at one *David Jones* living in the *Heath* in *Tong-Pariſh*, and there by him ſecured, (for this Col. had lain 3 quarters of a year before obſcured in this Countrey, when he had been narrowly every where ſearcht after) was brought by one *Elizabeth Furgeſſe* to this ſame Houſe of *Boſcabell*, and there His Majeſty and he met, but the Col. was ſo overjoyed with the ſight of the King his Maſter in ſuch ſure and ſafe hands, that he could not refrain weeping, and the King was himſelf ſomething moved with the ſame paſſion.

After a ſhort conference and but inchoated councel of the Kings probableſt means of eſcape, it was reſolved by them to betake themſelves to the wood again; and accordingly about nine of the clock that *Saturday* morning the *6.* of *September* they went into the wood, and Col. *Careleſſe* brought and led the King to that ſo much celebrated Oake, where before he had himſelf been lodged: (This Tree is not hollow but of a ſound firm Trunk, onely about the middle of the body of it there is a hole in it about the bigneſſe of a mans head, from whence it abſurdly and abuſively (in reſpect of its deſerved perpetual growth to outlaſt Time it ſelf) is called Hollow; and by the help of *William Pendrils* wood-ladder they got up into the boughs and branches of the Tree, which were very thick and well ſpread, and full of leaves;

ſo that it was impoſſible for any one to diſcerne through them.

When they were both up, *William* gave them up two pillows to ly upon between the thickeſt of the branches, and the King being overwearied with his travel and ſore journey, began to be very ſleepy; The Col. to accommodate him the beſt he could, deſired his Majeſty to lay his head in his lap, and reſt the other parts of his body upon the pillow, which the King did; and after he had taken a good nap, (*William*, and his wife *Joane* ſtill peaking up and down, and ſhe commonly near the place with a nutt-hook in her hand gathering of ſticks) awaked very hungry, and wiſhed he had ſomething to eat: whereupon the Col. pluckt out of his pocket a good lunchion of bread and cheeſe, which *Joane Pendrill* had given him for provant for that day, and had wrapt it up in a clean linnen cloth, of which the King fed very heartily, and was well pleaſed with the ſervice, and commended highly his good chear; and ſome other ſmal relief he had, which was put up into the Tree with a long hook-ſtick.

In the mean while *Richard Pendrill* (the firſt Eſquire) was ſent to *Woller-Hampton* ſome three miles thence being a Market Town, to buy Wine and Bisket, and ſome other neceſſary refreſhments for the King; and withal to ſpeak with one Mr. *George Manwaring*, a perſon of known Integrity and Loyalty from Col. *Careleſſe*, with ſome inſtructions about the Kings removal, though not expreſly the King, but one of that ruined Party: in effect it was to know of him, whether he knew of any ſure privacy for a ſuch perſons,

persons? to which he answered he had not himself, but would enquire if a friend of his, one Master *Whitgreave* of *Moseley* (formerly and again to be spoken of here) could do it. (So that we may see what a Loyal honest combination and secrecy there was between all of these persons;) and then *Richard* returned with his Wine, *&c.* to the King; who towards the Evening came down by the same ladder from the Tree, and was brought into the Garden of *Boscable* House, where he sate in the Bower of it, and dranke part of the Wine till toward night.

Neither was *Humphrey Pendrill* the Miller un-employed all this while, but was sent to get intelligence how things went. And the easilier to come by it, he was sent to a Captain of the *Rump*, one *Broadways*, formerly a Heelmaker, under pretence of carrying him twenty shillings for the pay of a man in the new raised *Militia* of their County for their Mistres. While he was there in came a Colonel of the *Rebels*, and asked for Captain *Broadway*, on purpose to know what further enquiry had been made at *White-Ladies* for the King, relating to *Broadway* the Story of it; to which he replyed he knew nothing of it further then rumour, but that there was one of that place in the House that could give him an account of it. So *Humphrey* was called, and several questions put to him, which he evaded, but confest that the King had been there as was supposed, but there was no likelyhood for him to stay there, for there was three Families in the House, and all at difference with one another. The Col. told him there was a thousand pound offered to any that would take or discover him, and that

they,

they doubted not, but within a day or two to have him delivered into their hands.

These tydings *Humphrey* brought with him, and omitted not to tell his Majesty of the price his Rebells had set on him; at the telling of which, the King looked something dismayed, as having trusted his Life into the hands of such poor Men, whom such a summe as that, (though both detestable, and of inconsiderable value to the Purchase) might pervert from their Allegiance and Fidelity: which made *Humphrey* to be exceedingly troubled for his rashness, while Collonel *Careless* assured the King, if it were 100000 l. it were to no more purpose, and that he would engage his Soul for their truth; which *Humphrey* also with many urgent asseverations did second.

It was late, and the King was very hungry, and had a minde to a Loyn of Mutton, and being come into the House, asked *William* if he could not get him such a Joynt, to which he replyed, that he had it not of his own, but he would make bold at that time, and for that occasion, with one of his Masters Sheep in the Cote; which instantly he did, and brought it into the ground Cellar; where the Collonel not having the patience to stay while he fetcht a Knife, stabb'd it with his Dagger; and when *William* came down they hung it upon a door, and *fleyd* it, and brought up a hind Quarter to the King, who presently fell a chopping of the Line to pieces, or (as they called it then) into Scotch Collops, which the Collonel clapt into the Pan while the King held it and fryed it.

This passage yeilded the King a pleasant jocu-

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lar discourse, after his Arrival in *France*; when it amounted to a Question, (a very difficult case) who was Cook, and who was Scullion? and for solution of the doubt, when it could not be decided by the Lords then present, was referred to the judgement of his Majesties Master Cook, who affirmed that the King was *hic & nunc*, both of them.

When this nimble Collation was ended, it was time for the King to betake himself to his rest, and his Chamberlain *William* brought him to his apartiment. It was a place made between two Walls, on purpose for secrecy, contrived at the building of the House; thither they let the King down, where he slept very incommodiously with little or no rest, for that the place was not long enough for him, and therefore the next night they laid him a sorry Bed upon the Stair-case, as they used to do for strange Woodcutters, that the meanness of his lodging might secure him from suspicion.

My Lord *Wilmot* as is said before, was all this while safe at Master *Whitgreaves*, onely his care of the King made him full of trouble. His hiding place was so sure a one, that at his first coming to it, he wished so he gave 20000 l. that the King were either as secure, or there with him; he therefore dispatched away *John Pendrill* (who had attended him all along) to the *White Ladies*, to enquire for the King, and to give him notice of the conveniency that was at Master *Whitegreaves*; but when he came thither, which was on Friday, the King was then gone to *Madeley*, to Master *Wolfes*. The next day he was sent againe, and by *Richards* Wife directed to

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Boſcabel, where he delivered the King the Meſſage, which the King aſſented unto, and reſolved to remove thither.

Munday night, *September* 8. at eleven at night, was the time appointed for the Kings progreſſe to *Moſeley*, but a Horſe was hard to be found. *John* was ordered to borrow one of one *Stanton* of *Hatton*, but he had lent his out before; when the Collonel remembred that *Humphrey* the Miller had one, and he thereupon was called and defired to lend him for the Kings Service; it was a kinde of War-horſe, that had carryed many a load of proviſion, Meal and ſuch like, but now he put upon him a Bridle and Saddle, that had out-worn its Tree and Irons, and at the time prefixed brought him to the Gate.

As ſoon as the King had notice of it, out he came, and would have had none but Collonel *Careleſſe*, and *John* to have gone along with him, but they told him, it was very dangerous to venture himſelfe with ſo few, they therefore intreated his Majeſty that he would give them leave to go with him, which at their importunity he granted.

Having mounted the King, Collonel *Careleſſe* and the ſix brethren guarding him, two before, and two behinde, and one of each ſide, armed with Clubs and Bills (*Humphrey*, leading his Horſe by the Bridle) they began their journey. It was five miles from *Boſcabel* to *Moſely* Maſter *Whitgreaves*, and the way in ſome places miry, where the Horſe blundering, cauſed the King to ſuſpect falling, and bid *Humphrey* have a care, to which he anſwered, that that now fortunate Horſe had carried many a heavier weight

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his time, six strike of Corn (which measure the King understood not) but now had a better price on his back, the price of three Kingdomes, and therefore would not now shame his Master.

Their travel was soon and safe ended, and the King brought the back way to a stile that led to the House, *Humphries* led the Horse into a Ditch, and the King alighted off upon the stile; but forgetting that most of his Guard were to return home, was gone five or six steps onward, without taking leave of them, but recalling himself returned back and said, I am troubled that I forget to take my leave of my friends, but if ever I come into *England* by fair or foul means, I will remember you, and let me see you when ever it shall so please God; so they all kissed his Hand and departed, but the Collonel, *John*, and *Francis Yates*, who guided the King to the House.

There Master *Thomas Whitgreave* received the King dutifully and affectionately, and brought him in to my Lord *Wilmot*, who with infinite gladnesse, kneeled down and embraced his knees. After a little conference, his Majesty was had to his lodging, and the intriques of it shown him; where after the King had rested himselfe that night, they entred into consultation about the escape, which had been projected by my Lord *Wilmot* before.

Francis Yates departed, but *John* staid two or three dayes longer with the King, while he went away. On Wednesday noon a Troop of the Rebels horse passed through the Town and made no stay, which *John* told not the King of till after noon, because

(as he then said) he would not spoil his Majesties Dinner.

Now the King prepared and fitted himself for his journey, and one Mr. *Huddlestone* and Master *Whitgreave* accommodated him with Boots, Cloak, Money, &c. and *John Pendril* was sent to Mistresse *Lane* about it, who sent him back again with a parcel of leaves of Walnuts, boyled in Spring Water, to colour his Majesties hands, and alter the hue and whitenesse of his Skin in those places that were most obvious to the eye, and by him gave notice to the King, what time she should be ready.

On Thursday night the eleventh of *September*, Collonel *Lane* came with his Sister to a field adjoyning, and there they put the King before her. *John* having the honour to hold the Kings Stirrup while he mounted, and presently they two set forward, (having taken directions to know the Countrey) and my Lady *Lane* having several recommendations to the allyes, friends and acquaintance of her family, that lay in their intended road, if any untoward occasion should put them to the tryal.

The several adventures which that Heroical Lady passed and overcame, in the management of that grand affair of his Majesties life, will become and befit a worthier Paper, and a Nobler Pen, and therefore let the blessed and thrice happy event of that her fortunate Loyalty, restrain a curious enquiry of the means, which probably may be some *arcana imperii*, secrecy of State now, as well as then of the King, not yet fit to be divulged. Miracles indeed of this benigne and propitious influence are very rare (God hath

hath not dealt so with the Nations round about us; Especially where Humane Coadjument, and that so signally (in the carelessesse of so many persons concerned) hath been instrumental; and therefore why may we not (as we fearfully behold Comets) with delight look upon the serene smiles of Heaven (in His Majesties preservation) and the Rayes of its Goodnesse diffused into the Breasts of those Loyal Persons his Guardians, for whose Honour more especially this Paper officiously obtrudes it self) with such weak eyes as we now see with, before we can have the benefit of a prospective (the full Relation)?

Let it therefore suffice and content us, that it pleased the Divine Wisedome and Goodness to protect and defend our most gracious Soveraign in all dangers and places and conditions whatsoever, in that his incumbred passage through his own rightful Dominions, and without the least umbrage of suspition, to conveigh him ont of the hands of his blood-thirsty Trayterous Enemies, who thought themselves sure of Him, *That so killing the Heir, the Inheritance might be theirs.*

He remained or rather Pilgrimaged from one Sanctuary to another in *England* near the space of five weeks, and like other Princes, though not on the same Account was present *incognito* while such time as a Convenience of Passage could be found for him in *Sussex*, where after he had Embarqued Himself in a Barke out of a Creek, He was put back again by contrary weather into the same place, being disguised in a *Saylors cloaths*; but the wind veering

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ing about more favourably about the end of *October*, 1651. Landed at *Dover* in *Kentland*, from whence an Expresse was sent to her Majesty of *England*, to acquaint her of His safe Arrival, which was presently communicated to the *French* Court, who accordingly with great Manifestation of Joy welcomed the Newes; But His Majesties most Affectionate Uncle, the late Duke of *Orleans* did with entire Joy. As also sundry of the most eminent *French* Nobility, Congratulate His Deliverance, which they testified by a most Splendid and Honourable *Cavalcade* at His Reception and Entry into *PARIS*.

FINIS.